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SUMMER AND WINTER.

BY ALICE CARY.

The winter goes and the summer comes,
And the cloud descends in warm, wet showers;
The grass grows green where the frost has been;
And waste and wayside are fringed with flowers.

The winter goes, and the summer comes,
And the merry blue-birds twitter and trill;
And the swallow swings on his steel-blue wings,
This way and that way, at wildest will.

The winter goes, and the summer comes,
And the swallow swings on his steel-blue wings,
This way and that way, at wildest will.

The winter goes, and the summer comes,
And the daisies die and the daffodil dies,
And the softest bill grows horny and still,
And the days set dimly, and dimly rise.

The summer goes, and the winter comes,
And the red fires fade from the heart o' the rose,
And the snow lies white where the grass was bright,
And the wild wind bitterly blows and blows.

The winter comes, and the winter stays,
Ay, cold and long, and long and cold,
And the pulses beat to the weary feet,
And the head feels sick and the heart grows old.

The winter comes and the winter stays,
And all the glories behind us lies,
The cheery light drops into the night,
And the snow drifts over our sightless eyes.

The Ace of Spades:
OR,
IOLA, THE STREET SWEETER.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

For the benefit of those who first become readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, with this issue, we may state that the opening chapters (one and two) of this splendid story of City Life introduce us to the tenement house home of Dan Catterton, the newsboy. His mother, dying, leaves a baby sister, for which Dan resolves to provide. The room adjoining is occupied by a woman also having a babe. This woman is to become the wife of Loyal Tremaine, as soon as a legal divorce can be procured from her husband, a sailor named Captain Averill, whom she has never loved and really supposes is dead. Young Dan, having determined to appropriate some of this young woman's money, so freely given her by the wealthy Mr. Tremaine, and thus to provide for his orphan sister, mounts a box, and looks through the light over the window. He witnesses a strange scene: 1st, the usual evening meeting between Mr. Tremaine and the lady. Tremaine at length goes out, promising to return again, 2d, when he is gone, who should come along but her sailor husband! A stormy scene ensues, and the captain, in his anger, resolves to kill Tremaine. He picks up a playing card—the Ace of Spades—and on its back finds 810 Fifth Avenue, but no name. This he holds up threateningly before his wife's face, as she stands cowering before him, clasping her babe—Tremaine's child—to her breast. At that instant a thunderbolt strikes; the lightning, passing through the card in his upraised hand, destroys it and kills the mother instantly, but on the child's shoulder is blazoned the full, clear stamp of the Ace of Spades—the exact image of the figure on the card, through which the bolt had passed. The sailor is not appeased in his revenge, by the terrible scene, but sits down in that chamber of death, to await the return of Tremaine, that he may confront him there and kill him. All of which young Dan sees and hears from his perch over the window.

CHAPTER III.

LOYAL TREMAINE'S VOW.

THE boy, Dan Catterton, at the transom had watched the tragedy with staring eyes. He heard plainly the threats of Averill and knew, of course, that he waited for the return of Loyal Tremaine; and having heard that gentleman say he would come again at ten, the idea was not slow to come to him that if he remained at his post he would probably witness another tragedy. Then another thought flashed upon his mind. What if he should go and warn the first of the danger that threatened him at the hands of the second comer; would not the service be worth a large reward? In his own mind the newsboy instantly decided that it would be. So he resolved to lie in wait for the man who was to return at ten, and inform him of the danger that he would incur should he proceed up-stairs.

Carefully Dan descended from his perch, passed through the rooms, and after a glance at the sleeping "kid"—as he had affectionately termed his young relative—to see if sleep was still upon the infant, he passed out into the entry. He descended the stairs and took up his position just outside the front door. Luckily the rain was beating upon the opposite side of the street, else young Catterton would soon have been wet to the skin, for he was but thinly clad.

"I'm in for that roll of bills," said the boy to himself, as he waited, shivering, in the doorway; "that air kid ain't a-goin' to starve, not if I knows it. This swell ought to come down handsome too; for if he was to go upstairs, that sailor feller would jest chaw his ear right off."

The boy did not have long to wait, for soon, out of the gloom and darkness of the night, came the stranger that he had seen depart an hour before. He knew him instantly, from the short cloak which Loyal wore upon his shoulders.

"Say, mister!" cried the boy, clutching at Tremaine's cloak as he was about to pass him.

"Well?" said Loyal, pausing in astonish-

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by BEADLE AND COMPANY, in the Clerk's office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



"I'LL BE EVEN WITH YOU FOR THIS NIGHT'S WORK!"

ment, and looking at the imp-like boy by his side.

"That woman's husband has come and he's a-waiting for you up-stairs to knock off the whole top of your head," cried the newsboy, breathlessly.

"What?" cried Tremaine, in amazement. "I tell ye that gal's husband has come—Mister Walter—the gal's dead—killed by lightning, an' he's a-waifin' up-stairs to go for you."

Convinced that the boy had indeed something important to communicate, Tremaine—at the newsboy's suggestion—walked with him down the street toward Grand, while Catterton gave a detailed account of all that

had happened, merely suppressing his motive for playing the listener.

"Great heavens! Christine dead!" said Loyal, horror-stricken.

"That's so, 'cos the man put her on the bed an' I heard him say so."

"And the child?"

"Not injured?"

"No sirc!" the boy answered, and he had just opened his mouth to tell of the strange mark that the lightning had blazoned upon the shoulder of the infant, when Loyal interrupted him with a question.

"Boy, this man, you say, is waiting in the room for my return?"

"Yes, sir."

"Would you like to earn a hundred dollars?"

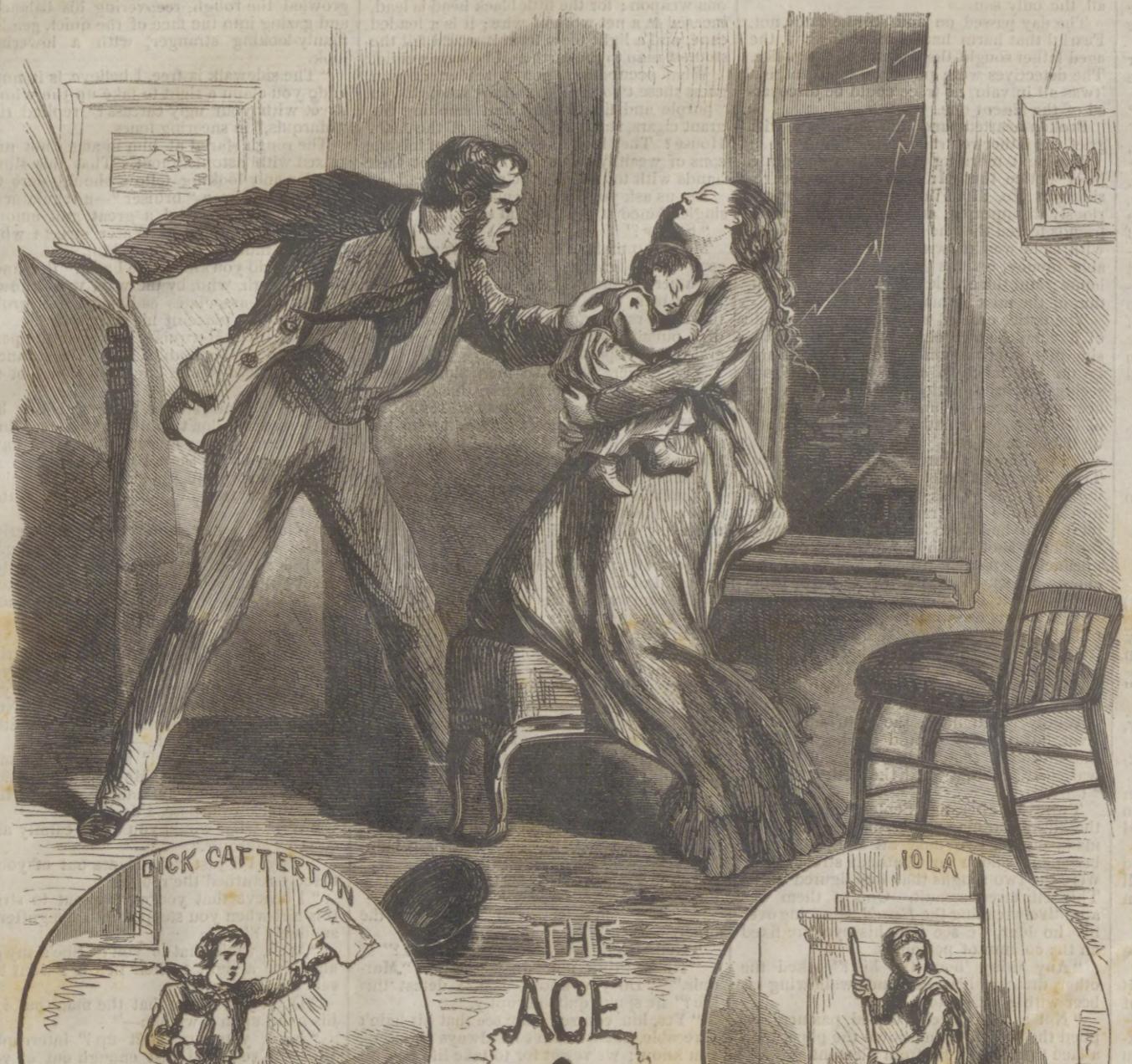
"Would I? Just try me!" and the boy's eyes sparkled with delight.

"If you will bring me that infant that you save with the lady in the room, I'll give you one hundred dollars."

"If it wasn't for that feller there, I could do it just as easy as not," said the boy, thoughtfully.

"Can you not think of some excuse for getting possession of the child?" Loyal asked.

"Crickey!" cried Catterton, in glee; "I've got it. I'll go in as if I come from you to



THE
ACE
of
SPADES

ON THE WHITE SKIN OF THE BABE THE LIGHTNING HAD EMBLAZONED THE ACE OF SPADES!

the lady, for to say as how you couldn't come back to-night. In course he'll want to know where I got the message, an' I'll say that you're eatin' oysters in a saloon in the Bowery, an', in course, he'll come after you—leave the baby an' I'll gobble it—ain't that bully?"

"I think it will do," Tremaine replied.

"See here, boss!" cried the boy, suddenly, "that feller read the ace of spades that you wrote your address on; so he knows where you live."

"The devil!" cried Loyal, in vexation.

"That's so, boss; I heard him read it."

"I shall have to leave New York, then, for the present," murmured Loyal to himself.

"Well, I can take the infant with me, and find it a good home somewhere. All the love I bore to Christine—poor girl—I will transfer to her child—to our child."

"You'll give me a hundred dollars?" asked Loyal.

"Yes, if you bring me the child," answered Loyal.

"I'll do it, if it takes the heels right off my boots," cried the newsboy. "Say, boss, just you go and stand in a doorway on 'other side of the street, an' I'll fetch the baby to you."

Tremaine took the station assigned to him and the newsboy departed on his mission.

We will now return to Walter Averill, whom we left seated in the room of the ill-fated Christine, waiting for the man whom he intended to kill.

Barely five minutes did the sailor remain quiet, then springing to his feet he began to pace the room as though walking on the quarter-deck of his vessel.

"He may not come!" he cried, impatiently. "It is late; he may not come to-night. Why should I not seek him in his Fifth avenue mansion? that was the number of it on the card I am sure. But stay!" he exclaimed, as a sudden thought flashed upon his mind, "I may find something here to aid me in my search."

A trunk was open in one corner of the room; eagerly the sailor searched it. He found a package of letters, but the letters of the man were signed simply with the letter L. Small chance was there of finding a clue as to who or what he was in that. But in one of the letters, inclosed in its folds, was a small daguerreotype, the likeness of a young and handsome man.

With fierce joy, Walter Averill gazed upon the features of the man who had wronged him, for he felt sure that this was the picture of the man that he had sworn to kill.

"Now I shall know him if we meet!" he cried, while thoughts of vengeance filled his mind. "I will not wait here longer but I will go to him."

The sailor thrust the packet of letters into his pocket and rising to his feet approached the crib in which the infant was calmly sleeping.

Walter Averill gazed upon the slumbering babe.

"The mark of shame is upon you, poor child, yet you are not to blame for the crime of your parents."

And, yielding to a sudden impulse, the sailor lightly touched his lips to the baby's cheek. The infant still slept on, little conscious that its mother lay in the cold embrace of death, or that it bore on its pearly shoulder the evil omen, the Ace of Spades.

CHAPTER IV.

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.

The newsboy entered the tenement-house, and going to the door of the front room, knocked. No answer being made, he knocked again. Then, after pause, he turned the handle of the door and opened it. The room was empty; the stranger was gone.

With a cry of delight the boy entered.

"Crickey!" he exclaimed, in glee, "I shall rake in that hundred, easy!"

The newsboy advanced at once to the little crib. The moment his eyes fell upon it a cry of surprise and disappointment burst from his lips.

Concealed by the shadow of the doorway, Loyal waited with impatience for the return of his messenger.

"Will he succeed?" he cried, as anxiously he waited. "The boy seems a shrewd rascal, and a hundred dollars is a large sum for one like him."

Fully a quarter of an hour Tremaine waited, and his patience was about exhausted, when the newsboy, bearing in his arms a bundle carefully wrapped up, came quickly down the street.

"Have you got the child?"

"All right, boss," answered the boy; "here she is." And he gave the bundle that was wrapped up in a shawl into Loyal's arms.

Uncovering the babe's head, Loyal saw that she was still sleeping. Then, from his pocket-book the gentleman took ten ten-dollar notes, and gave them to the boy.

"There is your hundred dollars," he said, as he handed the newsboy the bills. Then carefully sheltering the child under his cloak, Tremaine proceeded rapidly up Grand street to the Bowery.

For a moment the newsboy gazed at the ten bank-notes, in speechless amazement.

"My!" he said, at last, when he had recovered a little from his astonishment, "why I'm a millionaire, blow me tight if I ain't! I guess the kid is all right now; but, thinkin' of that, I mustn't lose sight of this chap. He must have gobs of money for to throw away hundred dollars loose, like this. I'll jest keep my eye on him, an' the baby, too."

So down Grand street into the Bowery, the newsboy followed Loyal Tremaine.

In the Bowery, Tremaine took a Fourth avenue car. The newsboy, nothing daunted,

kept close behind the car, although he was sometimes compelled to run at the top of his speed. The frequent halts of the car, though, to take up and leave passengers, gave him some breathing time.

At Union Square the car made quite a halt to take on a party of ladies. The halt was quite a relief to the newsboy, who had had a sharp run for about four blocks.

"He's goin' to Fifth avenue, I guess," said the boy to himself, as he waited for the car to start again. "I'll find out where he lives, then I guess I'll try papers up this way, 'cos I'm bound to keep my eyes on that baby, as sure as my name is Dan Catterton."

We shall leave Loyal with the child to pursue his way—he little dreaming that he was so closely followed—and turn our attention to the corner of Fifth avenue and Thirtieth street.

By the lamp-post at the corner stood two men muffled up in rough coats, with the collars pulled up to shield their throats. Rough old caps were pulled down over their eyes. The flickering rays of the gas threw but little light out on the darkness of the night, but by that little we can see that these two men—who are braving the rain and wind—are thick-set, muscular fellows—men with rough, bulldog-like features and evil-looking eyes. They are good representatives of a large class that infest our great metropolis, who haunt Broadway, Fifth avenue and kindred streets by night, and by day are to be found in the low dens of Water street or in the underground drinking saloons of the "bloody" Sixth Ward.

These men, like owls, prefer the night to the day—the darkness to the light; they are the night-birds that prey upon their human kind.

These men are the ones who, every now and then growing reckless and coming forth in their strength, produce that scene of terror which the morning journals so graphically term the "Reign of the Knife."

Of course these men stood at the corner of Fifth avenue and Thirtieth street at eleven at night in a rain-storm for no good purpose.

"I say, Jake!" cried one of the two, suddenly, "isn't there some one coming along Thirtieth street?"

"Blazes!" responded the other, after listening for a moment, "so there is. Get your slug-shot ready! We may as well try our luck, 'cos it's gettin' late, an' we ain't likely to have many more chances."

"All right," said the other, and then the two sauntered slowly down the street toward Fourth avenue, from which direction the stranger was coming.

The two ruffians let their intended victim—who was closely wrapped in a short cloak, with a slouched hat pulled down over his eyes—pass them, then quick as cats they turned upon him. With a single blow of the slug-shot the stranger was knocked senseless to the pavement. The two ruffians proceeded at once to pillage their victim. Pulling open his cloak, a bundle was disclosed. Eagerly one of the ruffians opened it, and the cry of an infant wailed out shrilly on the night-air. Astonished, the ruffian gazed upon his prize. A piece of the orphan's dress had apparently been burnt away, and on the white skin of the shoulder shone the evil omen, the Ace of Spades.

CHAPTER V.

THE MISSING MAN.

"Well, blast my eyes if it ain't a kid!" exclaimed the astonished rough.

"A baby!" ejaculated the second ruffian.

"That's so, a young 'un, too," replied the fellow who held the infant in his arms.

"Never mind the kid, go through the cove; the perafe may come down on us," said the second rough, who had dealt the terrible blow that had stretched the stranger senseless upon the wet pavement.

In obedience to the order, the kneeling ruffian laid the infant on the pavement, but the babe, who had been wakened by the rude shock of the fall, began to cry feebly.

"Choke the cursed brat!" cried the other ruffian, fiercely, "its squalling will bring the perafe down on us."

"You go through him, I'll hush the kid," replied his comrade.

Quickly the ruffian searched the victim, while the other took the baby, and nesting it inside his rough overcoat, hushed its sobs.

The watch and chain of the senseless man, his pocket-book, a seal-ring from his little finger, the gold studs and wrist-buttons of his shirt, all found their way into the capacious pocket of the night-bird. He searched his victim thoroughly, not omitting a single pocket. In the one in the breast of the stranger's body-coat, he found a packet of letters. With an expression of disgust he was about to toss them into the gutter, when his comrade, noticing the movement, stopped him.

"Hold on!" he cried; "what's that?"

"Nothing but a lot of blasted letters!" replied his companion, in disgust.

"Just what I want; hand 'em over."

"I want 'em," again said the ruffian who held the child nestled under his coat.

"All right," said the other, giving the letters; "they ain't worth a curse."

"Have you got all the *woog*?"

"Yes."

"Let's be traveling then; the *cope* (police) may come down on us at any moment."

"They'll come soon enough, for the baby'll squeal like blazes when you put her down in the wet."

"Yes, but I ain't a-goin' to put her down," replied the ruffian.

"The blazes you ain't!" cried the other, in astonishment.

"That's so; but, come, let's be off; I'll explain as we travel."

And then the two proceeded rapidly down the street to Fourth avenue; turning into the avenue they headed City Hall-ward and walked swiftly on.

"What do you want the kid for?" asked the ruffian, who had been puzzling his dull brains to account for the strange action on the part of his comrade.

"Can't you guess?"

"Not a guess!" laconically replied the rough.

"I suppose you see in the paper in about three days a reward offered for the return of a lost baby and no questions asked?"

"Oh!" and the ruffian gave vent to an exclamation of admiration, "I'm bless if you ain't a genius! Well, you are now, just! You nabs the kid, waits till the anxious parents offers a stummin' reward, then you steps forward, pockets the blunt and gives up the baby!"

"That's my game, exactly!"

"Yes, and you hold high, low, jack, with a chance to make game," said the rough, jocosely.

"Well, I think the kid will fetch a hun-

dred or two, 'cos, you see, this ain't no poor man's child. He's one of the nobs, he is, the feller we laid out to-night, and he'll be pretty apt to come down handsomely for some breathing time.

"All right, my pippin, we're bound to win. Guess halves, you know, on the kid question."

"Of course."

And leaving the two ruffians to pursue their way through the darkness and the storm to their obscure haunt in the heart of the "bloody" Sixth Ward, which holds in its midst such misery and crime, we will return to the man whom the ruffians had stricken senseless to the pavement with that terrible weapon, the slug-shot.

The victim had not moved since he fell. The blow had indeed been a terrible one, delivered with force enough to fell and stun an ox, let alone a man.

The storm howled with increased fury; the rain beat down upon the unprotected face of the senseless man, which looked pale and ghastly, like the face of one dead, in contrast to the dark pavement.

Finally an hour had passed since the ruffians had attacked their victim, yet still he lay motionless upon the cold stones, and showed no signs of returning animation.

The rap of a policeman's club at the corner of Fifth avenue and Thirtieth street rang out sharply amid the storm. The signal being answered, the policeman came leisurely down Thirtieth street. He had grown used to the storm and callous to the drenching rain.

As he came slowly down the street, his eyes fell upon the man stretched out at full length upon the sidewalk.

Supposing it to be some drunken wanderer overcome by liquor, the officer, kneeling by his side, endeavored to shake him into wakefulness; the attempt was a failure, however, and then the officer, examining more closely, perceived to his horror that dark drops of clotted blood were trickling slowly down on the side of the stranger's face. Quickly he removed the hat, and on the head saw the terrible wound that the slug-shot had produced.

The officer at once perceived that the man had been waylaid, and the pockets turned inside out told that he had also been robbed.

Quickly the policeman rapped for assistance, and being joined by a brother officer, together they carried the still senseless man to the nearest police station.

The officer in charge of the station searched the pockets of the wounded man in front of the Astor House; our attention is attracted by two men who stand on the steps. As these two are representatives of a peculiar class that exist only in large cities, and probably flourish better in New York than elsewhere, we will stop and examine them.

One is a little fellow, hardly five feet in height, with a face like a fox's, expressive of low cunning; little sharp gray eyes; a turn-up nose; hair with a reddish tinge, cut close to his head, and the head as round as a bullet. In fine, the whole appearance of the man indicates, not force, but trickery. He is dressed neatly in a brown business suit, and a silk hat, shining with a mirror-like gloss, showed his wish to be thought a gentleman. A flashy pin, that looked extremely like a diamond, if it was not one, sparkled in the snowy bosom of the ruffed shirt.

The second one of the two presented a marked contrast to the first; he was a slender, buff fellow about the medium height, the broad shoulders gave promise though of muscular force that few would suspect in one of such slender frame; a man that would weigh a hundred and forty-five and yet would not be guessed to weigh over a hundred and twenty. And that hundred and forty-five, not pounds of fat that impede a man's strength, tire his wind and make each additional pound an additional disadvantage; but pounds of bone and muscle. Could we strip the dress of civilization from him we would expose a form that for muscular beauty would not have disgraced the Thracian gladiator who fought the Numidian lion in the Roman arena and dyed the yellow sands red with his blood. In fact the young man was singularly beautiful—for there are beautiful men as well as beautiful women—fine golden hair curled in little crisp ringlets all over his shapely head. His eyes were dark brown, full and large. The face almost a perfect oval—or as perfect as we ever see in the human face—with an Italian cast of features. A light mustache shaded his lip, and a little imperial graced his chin. The lips—red as the carnation flower and with the fullness that gave sign of passion's fires—hid regular teeth, white as ivory. In brief, he was a man that few women could pass without the second glance. He was dressed in complete black—color that became his pale complexion admirably. Dainty patent-leather boots incased his feet. The finest dark kids adorned his little hands. Those were as small and as fair as a woman's. He too wore the glossy silk hat, and a single diamond sparkled in his shirt-bosom. In his hand he carried a light cane with a little black head about the size of a walnut, apparently a toy, but in reality a most dangerous weapon; for the little black head is lead, incased in a net-work of wire; it is so loaded, cane, and a light blow from it would fell the stoutest man to the earth as if he were a child.

What occupation, gentle reader, do you guess these two men to follow, who, clad in "purple and fine linen" and smoking fragrant cigars, stand on the steps of the Astor House? They look like gentlemen of leisure, sons of wealthy parents, who still not their hands with toil to gain their daily bread.

Let us ask yonder policeman. He gives a single glance at the two and ejaculates: "Sports!"

Men who make a living by enticing strangers to visit gambling houses—they receiving a percentage on what their victim loses. These men, with the gamblers themselves, the horse-racers and others following kindred pursuits, are all classed under one general head, "Sports!"

Men who make a living by enticing strangers to visit gambling houses—they receiving a percentage on what their victim loses. These men, with the gamblers themselves, the horse-racers and others following kindred pursuits, are all classed under one general head, "Sports!"

The notice created no excitement outside of Tremaine's own circle of friends, for misers are common in New York. Rarely do we take up a newspaper without seeing the brief notice, "Mr. — has not been seen since —, and fears are entertained of foul play, as he had quite a sum of money on his person."

And while the search was hot for Loyal Tremaine, and the detectives were penetrating into the low dens of vice in quest of the missing man—the stranger in Bellevue Hospital, who had been crazed by the blow of the slug-shot—with his head shaved, the mustache removed from his lip, and his cheeks whitened and hollowed by the drain of blood that had flowed from the gaping wound on his head, presented a terrible, yet pitiful aspect. So changed had he looks from the handsome young man whom the ruffians had assaulted, that it is doubtful if his own mother could have recognized her son.

Wildly raved he in the delirium of the fever, but the nurse could make nothing of the muttered sentences. One word alone was clear, and that word, the woman's name, "Christine!"

Two days after that September day when the disappearance of Tremaine had been made public, two men sat at a table in a basement saloon in Chatham street; they were the two roughs that had figured in the Thirtieth street assault. One of them was attentively reading the *Herold*. Glancing over his shoulder, we see that his eyes are fixed on the column of personals.

"Any thing 'bout the kid?" asked the other, draining his glass and swallowing his beer with great gusto.

"Not a word; we're bilked, partner," replied the rough, laying down the paper with a face that looked far from pleasant.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GIRL THAT SWEEP THE CR SING.

Now our story takes a jump forward sixteen years. We measure in a single sentence New York city in the year 1808.

A calm, pleasant April night. We are standing at the lower end of the City Hall Park, facing toward the Battery.

It has been raining heavily for several days and the streets are muddy.

The crowd crossing Broadway, in front of the *Herold* building, are not, however, annoyed by the mud which should be on the crossing, for a slender young girl, broom in hand, has made the pathway clear, and faithfully she receives the pennies that are dropped into her outstretched hand by those who appreciate the labor that has enabled them to cross the muddy street without soiling their dainty boots.

The girl is dressed roughly in an old calico frock, patched with as many colors as Joseph's coat displayed. An old hood pulled closely down over her head almost hides her face.

It is something unusual to see a street-sweeper at work on lower Broadway after nightfall; for after the great file stream from the stores and workshops, which begins about five and flows up Broadway till seven, ceases, there is, comparatively speaking, but few using lower Broadway as a thoroughfare.

The bells had just rung out nine on the evening air, yet still the street-sweeper swept the crossing, although her gains were few, and the girl was too young to be whipped. Let's stop a moment,

"Just has you say, my noble duck," responded Slippery Jim.

The two new-comers being close in to the building were in the shade, and as the men and the girl were standing on the curb-stone they had not seen the approach of the "Marquis" and his companion.

"Beat you?" growled the man in the shaggy coat; "I'll kill you the first thing you know, if you ain't precious carefree. How much have you taken since dark?"

"Only a dime," answered the girl, tremblingly giving the piece of currency.

"Well, curse my eyes!" ejaculated the ruffian, in disgust, "that's a nice sort of business for to do! A dime in two hours or more! How much have you had away to buy things for yourself with, never thinkin' of your poor father wot brought you up? How much, say?"

"That is all," answered the girl, wearily, in a low, faint voice, and shivering in every limb at the threatening looks of her tyrant.

"Only a dime! why, 'ain't 'ough to pay for the beer! A nice bit of a beggar, you are! Why, a blind dog with one ear could do better nor that!" exclaimed the assumed father.

"I couldn't help it, indeed I couldn't!" pitifully cried the girl, while the large tears filled her mild blue eyes.

"You didn't ask 'em to give you anythin'?" growled the rough.

"Yes, I did, indeed I did!" exclaimed the girl.

"You lie, you brat, you!"

"No, no! I am speaking the truth!"

"You don't, hey? You lie, I know you do!" and the brute raised his hand as if to strike the girl.

"If he strikes that girl I'll lay him out in side of two minutes!" said the "Marquis," quietly to Jim.

"Go in Sa-riah, hand I'll 'old yer bonnet!" cried the little Englishman, as they advanced to the group standing on the curb-stone.

The street-sweeper was standing on the curb stone tal'king earnestly with a thick-set, rough-looking fellow, who, though the night was warm, was muffled up in a shaggy coat. Another one, who seemed a counterpart of the first, except that he was not quite so heavy in build, stood some ten paces off.

"Don't beat me, please!" were the words that fell upon the ears of the two men approaching. They came from the lips of the street-sweeper, not spoken in a childish treble, but in the low, sweet tones of a young girl's voice—the voice of a girl of sixteen or eighteen.

Two deep wrinkles came between the eyes of the "Marquis," as the words fell upon his ears, and stopping, he quietly hid his hand upon the arm of his companion.

"Hold on a moment, Jim," he said, in a calm undertone, "let's see what the matter is."

"Oh, please go, sir!" cried the girl; "don't mind me, I can bear it."

"Oh, no, my dear," returned the "Marquis," gazing into the face of the girl that he had saved from the ruffian's blow, and seeing for the first time that she was both young and pretty; "I haven't the remotest idea of going, an' if this ugly brute says much more, I'll throw my hat at him and extinguish him."

The girl looked at her protector in amazement; that he, a gentleman, should dare to brave the power of the "bruiser" was something beyond her comprehension.

Her amazement was exceeded by that of the shoulder-hitter. The cool tone in which the "Marquis" uttered his taunts irritated him more than the words themselves. The coolness of the young man puzzled him. He had been used to seeing strong, burly men cower before his threats, yet this stripling seemed to defy him. For the first time in his life, English

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"See here, my girl, if this fellow beats you or you ever need help of any kind, just you come to me," the usually cool "Marquis" had grown strangely impulsive. "You promise me that you will come?"

"Yes, sir," replied the girl.

"All right, where do you live?"

"No. 314 Water street, in the rear."

"With this rough, of course?"

"Yes, sir."

"What's his name?"

"English Bill."

"How long will you remain here?"

"Till ten o'clock, sir."

"Mind, if you want a friend come to me. By the way, what is your name?"

"Iola!"

"What's a strange name?"

"It was my mother's."

"Well, good-bye, Iola; don't forget my address." And the "Marquis" joining Jim, continued on his walk down the street.

"Forget it!" cried the street-sweeper, impulsively, "no, it is written on my heart!"

The "Marquis" and Jim walked slowly onward for a block or so in silence. The "Marquis" was evidently in deep thought, and the Londoner did not disturb his meditations.

"Jim," said the "Marquis," suddenly, "I'm going to adopt that girl!"

"What?" cried Jim, in astonishment.

"I'm going to take her from her life of misery and give her a chance to earn an honest living."

"Well, I'm blowed if that ain't a good idea."

"I'll go down to Water street to-morrow night and find out all about her, for I don't believe that she's the daughter of that ruffian. Will you go with me?"

"Of course I will, my noble dook!" replied the Englishman.

Iola had gained a powerful friend when the cool "Marquis" espoused her cause.

(To be continued.)

Don't fail to peruse the series of "Camp-Fire Yarns," by the world-noted CAPTAIN MAYNE REID—the first of which we give in this issue. Captain Reid is one of our chosen stars.

Duke White:

OR,

THE GREEN RANGER OF THE SCIOTO.

BY CHARLES E. LA SALLE,
AUTHOR OF "BURT BUNKER, THE TRAPPER."

To the lovers of romance of the border, the story "Duke White" is a real treat. That new readers may enjoy what yet is untold of the story we give this synopsis of what has thus far been printed:

Lizzie Rushton, the beautiful forest maid, is beloved by the brave young settler, George Chapman, as well as by the craven-spirited Yankee, Elijah Lamb. The Indians coming down upon the settlement assail the Rushton cabin.

Lamb is there at the time of assault, but flies ignominiously, leaving Lizzie and her mother alone. The maid is taken and borne off. The settlers arouse and the renowned Duke White, the Ranger, resolves to pursue the retreating savages to rescue the lost girl. His companion is Pee Wit, a Wyandot Indian of great skill, and firmly devoted to his white friend.

The sleek Elijah, is so ill-received by the settlers, that, to redeem his character, he resolves to accompany the scouts. This he does, but, throughout, shows himself a coward upon the coming of danger. When well out on the trail, the scouts are joined by George Chapman, who had been absent from the village when the Indians made their attack. This point is now reached in the story. The three friends are in council; and, having succeeded in making a *head trail*—that is, in getting on the Indians' line of march, with the captive, but ahead of them—they lie in ambush at the creek, beyond which lies the Shawnee town. Their purpose is to save the maid before she reaches the other shore. The extraordinary manner in which this is done, this chapter following will tell.

CHAPTER XII.

THREE FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

ELIJAH LAMB was triumphant, and as he walked toward the thicket, his thoughts ran somewhat in this way:

The Lamb family was always lucky. Now I know, just as well as Duke, that there ain't nobody in them bushes, 'cause if that was, I'd be travelin' t'other way; but he thinks I do, and he'll be certain I'm just as brave as they make 'em."

A few minutes brought him to the thicket, and he paused only long enough to select the best point by which to penetrate it. Then he unhesitatingly went in.

"I'll go clean through it, and take some time, so that he can't complain I did not do my duty thoroughly. I'll sp'prise Duke by firing my gun, and telling him that it was shot at an Indian, as he dodged behind a tree and gave me the ship. I don't know what Duke has been thinking of me, but he's more than a man if that don't make him set me down as one of the bravest of the brave!"

These thoughts ran through his brain, as he ducked his head and cautiously insinuated himself among the bushes.

"Jewhilkins!"

The Yankee suddenly paused, almost petrified with terror, for he heard, faintly but distinctly, a peculiar hissing sound, such as an Indian sometimes makes when about to wreak his fury upon a foe who is inexplicably in his power.

This was something not down in the bill; the Green Ranger was in the worst kind of a predicament. He would not have hesitated a moment about retreating, and dissipating at once the air-castle which he had built upon his assumed bravery, but the matter was that the sound came from *behind* him, proving that his had purposely got between him and his friends.

What was to be done?

To go further into the undergrowth would only involve him more, while he could only crouch to the ground, and holding his rifle in his tremulous hands, call out, in his quavering voice:

"DUKE!"

"What's the matter, Greeny?" came back, after he had repeated the call several times.

"There's a big Indian here! What shall I do?"

"Scalp him and fetch his ha'r to me, in course!"

"I'm afraid there's more than one," he whined, after a moment's pause.

"All right; fetch 'em all in; the more the better!"

"Come help me, or send Pee Wit."

"Can't do it," was the response. "It's time you learned how to help yourself. Pitch into the varmint, and if he gits you down and begins to raise your ha'r, yell out, and mebbe I'll come and look on!"

What would have been the ultimate result of all this, had there been an enemy at hand, it is difficult to say; but, while Lije was quaking with terror, he was startled anew by an unmistakable laugh.

"What—what's the matter?" he asked, staring around.

The answer came in the shape of young George Chapman, who, walking boldly to view, said, with a laugh:

"You seem frightened, Lamb?"

"Who said I was?" demanded the indignant Lije. "It was a joke between Duke and me."

"Ah! that's it? I am glad to hear it. Come, let us join our friends, for I am hungry."

"I'd like to know what brought you here?" muttered Lamb, who was not at all pleased at the thought that this lover was to appear upon the scene and take a chance in the rescue of Lizzie Rushton.

Young Chapman ate a hearty meal, talking in the meanwhile to Duke White, who speedily gathered how it was that he came to be there at such a time.

"I was up the river, waiting for the Wyandots to come back again, when Williams came up and told me what had been done nearer home. As soon as I learned that, I left Williams in charge, and started for home. You had gone, and I started after, and here's where I overtook you. I didn't know you had 'Lije with you,'" added Chapman, glancing at the sullen young man, and then looking toward the scout with a significant look.

"Wal, you see, this is powerful resky bizness," was the reply, "and I wanted some person of tried skill and pluck to go long with me to take the right kind of keer of me, and Elijah Lamb is the man; for, isn't he the Green Ranger of the Scioto?"

"I believe he came near losing his life in defending Lizzie and her mother," continued Chapman, with a well-assumed seriousness.

"Yes; he just missed it."

"How so?"

"He run his boots off in gittin' away, and if he hadn't been able to run quite so fast he'd gone under, sure, but it takes a smart man to catch up with Spider-Legs, when he gets fairly agoin'."

This "chaffing" continued for some few minutes, until Lamb was worked up to quite a pitch of exasperation. He felt specially furious against Chapman, whom he regarded with feelings of jealousy. He had counted upon being able to appropriate all the glory of Lizzie's rescue to himself, and it was certainly a strong point in his favor that he had joined the scout in the dangerous business.

But here, when every thing was going along swimmingly, his hated rival appeared on the scene, and there was no telling what complications would arise, and in what position he would be forced by the nature of things.

As the party sat on the ground, they held quite a council of war, and there was an exchange of views all round, Pee Wit and Elijah mingling freely.

Duke White was now in territory that was perfectly familiar to him, as he had ranged over and hunted through it times without number. Pee Wit was none the less intimately acquainted with it, and his views coincided with White's throughout.

It was the opinion that the Wyandots were aiming for their own village, and would take the shortest route to it. Their destination lay about a hundred miles to the north-west of the camp of our friends, and, if their journey was uninterrupted, it would probably be reached by the succeeding night, as Lizzie Rushton could make that distance in that time without difficulty.

The party, at present, were something like a dozen miles to the south-east, and they would take the same general direction as the whites, although it was not believed that they would come upon their trail, as we have already shown that Duke took special care to prevent this.

George Chapman had naturally suffered a great deal in spirit since he had learned of the abduction of his heart's beloved. He had sped through the woods day and night, following the trail of Duke White with the persistency of a blood-hound, and with the resolve in his heart that he would never return alive to his home, unless he could bring her with him.

The companionship of the cool-headed ranger did much to remove his depression of spirits, and he became quite hopeful of a successful issue to their expedition.

He understood, as well as Duke could explain to him, that they had great difficulty and danger to surmount, but with three decided spirits—taking no account of Lije—they could use, in addition to strategy, the arm of strength, and, inasmuch as the Wyandots had learned that they were pursued, it was by no means uncertain but what, af-

ter all, it would come to be decided in this manner.

Chapman strenuously advocated an attack upon the Wyandots.

"We can steal up to them," said he; "there are only eleven; we can shoot our man apiece, and then push in and use our knives."

"We'll do that, *provided* that ain't a better one," replied Duke.

"What better one can there be?"

"Wait and see."

The manner in which the ranger made this reply proved that he had a scheme in his mind, and his significant look toward Pee Wit proved that he understood what it was, too.

But, as he had refused to make it known to Chapman, the latter had too much dignity to show any curiosity to know what it was.

"I've an idea," said Lamb, a moment later.

"The first one I ever heard of yer havin'," returned Duke; "you'd better keep it for a nest-egg, if you're sure you've got it."

"It's a plan for rescuing my lovely young friend from the Wyandots," added the Yankee, somewhat triumphantly, and then looked around and waited for the eager question of its explanation.

But no question was asked, and he finally vouchsafed to make it known.

"Let's make 'em b'lieve that we've got General Wayne and his army close by, and tell them if they don't give my lovely friend up without delay, we'll pitch into them and hamstring every mother's son of them. What do you think of it, Duke?"

"You'll help, will yer?"

"Of course I will."

"Very well; we'll wait hyar fur yer, and yer kin go back and make the varmints b'lieve that Mad Anthony and his men be hyar. Yer kin bring the gal with yer, ef the cap'n thar has no 'jections."

"I will be glad to have Mr. Lamb display his skill and bravery in such a signal manner."

This looked like precipitating matters, and Elijah was hardly ready to take his part in it. He advised them to consider his plan very carefully before adopting it.

It was yet early in the day when they resumed their journey, which they continued, with scarcely any intermission, until noon, when they struck a large creek, almost as broad as an ordinary river.

As this stream swept directly across their path, they had the choice of going no further, or of taking to the water, as a careful search upon the part of Pee Wit and Duke White failed to discover any canoe, or any means, except by swimming, of crossing it.

"What's to be done?" inquired Chapman, when their failure was made known by his friend the scout.

"We'll wait hyar till the varmints come up. I've an idea anyway," added Duke, in a lower tone, "that if the gal gits across this hyar creek, she'll never come back ag'in!"

CHAPTER XIII.

WAITING.

THE creek at which the hunters halted was not only broad, but quite deep, with high shores, which descended so abruptly that it was impossible to wade for any distance from the shore.

They were standing near the edge, partly shrouded by the trees, when Duke White suddenly gave utterance to a suppressed exclamation of alarm.

"That's one of the varmints!"

Withdrawing to cover and carefully peering out, they saw a canoe leave the opposite shore, and propelled by a single Indian, rapidly approach the bank upon which the whites stood.

It was aiming at a point, however, fully a hundred yards below them, so that there was no danger of detection if our friends did not wish it.

The Indian managed his boat with no little skill, and his dress and accoutrements indicated that he was no ordinary warrior, but a chief or leader. When near the center of the stream, with his broad breast turned toward the shore, he could not have offered a better target for the rifles of his enemies.

He occupied this position, when Duke White, who was on his knees, pointed his gun toward him, taking a true and deadly aim.

There was something awful in the utter deliberation of this deathly preparation, to slay a man who had no thought of his doom; so awful, indeed, that Chapman felt a cold thrill run over his body; and, impelled by an irresistible feeling, he reached his hand forward and laid it upon the gunlock just in time to feel the flint strike upon it, instead of against the steel. The discharge of the gun was thus prevented by this narrow chance.

"What's that fur?" demanded Duke, angrily.

"You mustn't do it; no, no," replied the captain, shaking his head.

"Why not?"

"It's too much like murder; go down the bank, and meet him as you did the Shawnee, in a fair hand-to-hand fight; but it is cowardly to assassinate a man in that way."

The scout was silent a while, and then he exclaimed, half to himself, and half to his young friend:

"It don't look exactly right, I'll be skulped if it does! I orter gone down and met him on the shore, but after your stoppin' me yer, I won't bother him no more; let him go."

By this time the Wyandot was close in to shore, and a moment later he landed. As soon as he touched land, he was hidden from the sight of the group above him; but they knew what course he had taken.

"That's a chief of the Wyandots," said Duke, as soon as he was certain he was beyond ear-shot, "and he's gone to meet the varmints with the gal."

"How does he know they have her?" instantly asked Chapman.

"He dunno sartin, but he spects when his warriors come home that they will bring something in that shape, and he's made up his mind to 'scort it in."

"Have you seen that individual before?" continued Chapman, who naturally felt a deep interest in any thing that was likely to come in contact with Lizzie.

"Yas; I've tried to shoot him more once, but it seemed the devil took care of him."

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"RIGHT AT LAST" we can use, but we must ask the author hereafter to write more openly. His lines are so crowded as to leave no space for necessary revision. Compositors always grumble at such "copy."

"HOW HE LOST A BRIDE" we will try and make place for.

R. R. O. returns us MS. and prepays postage four cents. This brings the package to our office fully paid. Yet he says this same package cost him fifteen cents, at the Brooklyn P. O., in its remission from this office, and asks why? We answer: the law is perfectly explicit—any "book MS." passes the postmaster at two cents for each half ounce. If it was charged more the postmaster took the liberty of profiting himself not a "book MS."—a liberty he had no more right to take than to alter the law itself. To avoid any question, authors should leave one end of the MS. open for inspection; and never should send any thing but MS. in the package. Any letter inclosed subjects the whole to letter postage. Always inclose your letters in separate envelopes.

"A PAIR OF GHOSTS" is very good but quite too long for the space at our disposal for such sketches. Besides, the first person narrative is not a popular style unless the story told is of a very dramatic and exciting nature.

Author of the Nicotine Rhapsody can send in the MS. for examination.

"EARLY MORNING" is available.

Captain Howard's "HUNTER'S PLEDGE" and "WHITE CANOE" available. The captain wields a graphic pen.

Will use ballads by J. G. M., Jr. A good ballad is always "available."

"RESPECTFULLY DECLINED" is a fair shot at the editorial chair; and "fair play" demands that we give the author a chance. Who is hit?

"SAUCY SUSAN SOMERS" is good enough to be better. The author should understand that many things which can be said or spoken in confidential conversation do not look well in print. Only "set down" what is really and truly pertinent to the story proper.

"FAIR ITALY" Can not make use of it. It is rather hard poetry on so bright a theme.

"FOLLOWED UP" Evidently is by a raw hand. It lacks the *verve* which is essential to all continued stories, and the whole composition needs careful weeding.

"CON LEARY'S CARDS" is a pretty good Irish story, but quite imperfect as a manuscript. Besides, it reads so much like other Irish stories which our papers are all the while copying from English and Irish periodicals, that we should be charged with having used reprint material. We prefer that writers should confine themselves to American themes, as far as possible in their contributions to the SATURDAY JOURNAL.

"SCARFS" by Mrs. E. D. D. Can not make available. It is better fitted for *Godey's* or *Tessier's* magazines than for a popular paper.

Foolscap Papers.

At Church.

I SOLEMNLY enter the church and take a seat in the first vacant pew, where I remain, providing the pew does not belong to any body. How quiet every thing is! I only hear the light ripple of silks, or perhaps a subdued cough behind a hand somewhere, with a diamond ring on it. Then, on a sudden, the organ, from some nook over the back of my head, breaks out in musical triumph, followed by voices that have no visible bodies. This causes a general turning of pretty faces in front of me. Touched by the harmony, I lift my thoughts and eyes reverentially on high, and am immediately lost in the sublime contemplation that fine centerpiece on the ceiling.

I come down with the music; and the preacher, who does not hold that the order was—"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every living creature, for twenty thousand dollars a year," begins his able discourse.

His voice is unusually fine. Looking straight at him while he pictures in thunder the situation of some poor sinner, for whom I feel very sorry but don't desire to change places with, I see a flutter in the corner of my right eye, and looking around, find it was caused by that gold-mounted fan in the hand of Miss Atrial Trifles. It must have cost a heathenish sum of money; but then how grateful is its sandal-wood breath to the fainting soul. Fearful that I am forgetting the sermon, with a great effort I turn and fix my eyes and ears again upon the preacher, whose picture of the lost realm grows quite sulphurous, and as I am wishing that my neighbor was only here to get the benefit of all this, something glows like fire in the corner of my left eye, and looking round, I find the cause of it to be that crimson sach which contains deacon Jones' daughter. How faultless is the fit of it! How finely trimmed with bugles and lace! I wonder what it cost! What a beautiful and fashionable garment, or covering, a pensive heart may wear! Finding I am getting lost again, I jerk my eyes back to their proper place, and again heed the words and gestures of the speaker, which are now quite animated, as he paints the blissful state of the perfect man, which causes me to feel very, very much at rest; when my eyes suddenly drop on the bonnet and back-hair of the lady in the next pew to me but one. That bonnet is the finest thing I have seen this season; and how small! Indeed it is scarcely larger than the little spot of worldliness on the mind beneath it. What beautiful and serene repose is in that anointed and contrite hair! The only question is, how long did she work at arranging it this morning, getting out of humility and patience, and scolding her maid, who is even now crying to herself as she sweeps at home, and wonders how many minutes of listening to the Gospel alone for a whole morning of ill-nature. Thinking I may have something myself to atone for if I run on thinking in this digressive manner, I pinch myself, and call my attention back to the preacher, who is fulminating against the uncharitableness of the present day, to such an extent that it consoles me to think I put two cents into the contribution-plate, for the benefit of the poor of the parish, when Charles Henry, in the next pew, squeezes Lucinda's glove, which has her hand in, so unconsciously hard that it causes her to jerk it away with a start that attracts my eyes and completely banishes the peaceful repose of my thoughts. Lucinda blushes and looks reverently down. Charles looks in two directions for Sunday, and finally at the preacher. I do likewise, and while I listen to some well-pointed remarks on Christians who slumber, I look at the old gentleman in the next pew to the left, who half an hour since showed some signs of sleep, and find that he has left the preacher's words entirely to those who need them, and sleeps practically. His wife, who sits on his right, being excessively mad at a blue silk dress across the aisle, does not notice him. His head wobbles round as if hunting for its pillow, and not finding it, occasionally brings up with a lurch, which sets two little boys near by to laughing, and their father to frowning them into quietness.

I listen for the old gentleman to snore or ask his wife for more of the blanket, when, happily, she observes his state, and brings him back to this cold, unfeling world with a tramp on his cornea. He looks around, and finding that no one has noticed him, he fixes his eye on the pulpit with a dim recollection of where he is, and with but little concern of where he will or might be hereafter.

Seeing that my thoughts are so easily led away from their duty, I close my eyes, that I may hear the remainder of the sermon; but I am instantly, as it seems, shaken by some one, and opening my eyes, the sexton tells me he wants to close up, and I find the congregation have been gone half an hour.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

P. S.—I have decided that the next time I go to church, I will firmly wear my spectacles on my ears, and will not look to see even humility in sack-cloth (velvet) and ashes (of roses). W. W.

Early Marriages.

One of the most disagreeable features of the fast way of living for which Americans are noted, is early marriages. They are a national characteristic. We are told that in England more women marry after they are twenty-five years old than under that age. In this country more are married while in their teens than at any other age. Of late the disposition to marry young seems to be increasing. Every newspaper one takes up chronicles the fact of one or more marriages, where the bride is fourteen or fifteen, and the bridegroom eighteen or nineteen years of age—mere children in fact.

Looking at the subject in one light it is ludicrous; in another it is melancholy. In these youthful marriages is to be found the key to the cause of so many divorces, so many ill-trained and depraved children, and so many overflowing poor-houses. How little do such children know of the realities of life—how poorly are they fitted to be good husbands and wives, and parents! They marry for what they imagine to be love, but what in ninety-nine cases in every hundred proves to be nothing but a childish fancy; in the remaining hundred it is worn out and turned to bitterness, because youth, and lack of judgment and experience, unfit its possessors for the respon-

sibility of their position. These youthful matches are most common among the laboring class. Frequently the girl "works out," the boy is some farmer's son, or works for a living, at fifteen or twenty dollars per month; she is tired of going out at service, and he begins to feel himself a man, and wants a wife—they are both in love!—and so they hasten to consummate their misery by getting married. They are young—they are poor—they are deficient in judgment according to their youth—and they generally have a very miserable time of it.

If they could only see beforehand! But they are in love! And so hundreds rush blindly on to matrimony, and half a dozen tow-headed children every year lead a life of misery, untaught and untrained to fight the battle of life, utterly unfit to fill any useful sphere; and frequently to help to crowd the already overflowing public prisons.

LETTIE ARTLEY IRONS.

WHAT HAS HE MADE?

The New York Herald says that during the last twenty years William B. Astor has managed a fortune of twenty millions as to roll it into sixty millions.

Suppose he has, what then? What has he made by the operation, except increased woe to keep the run of his increased wealth? Astor, with sixty millions, eats no more oysters, quail, woodcock and boned turkey, than he did when he was worth ten millions. He dresses no better and has a thousand times less fun. We beat him on the sleep, and have no law-suits with tenants and trespassers. Robbers lay for Astor every time he goes out-doors after dark. They don't think of us! Astor, with sixty millions of dollars, has sixty millions of troubles. To keep the run of his rents, bonds and real estate keeps Astor in work fourteen hours a day, and yet Astor gets three square meals a day, which is just what we obtain without any millions, any tenants, any real estate, and only work eight hours per day.

If men's happiness increased with their money, everybody would be justified in worshiping the Golden Calf. The happiness increases with their earnings up to a certain point—the point necessary to secure them the comforts of life, say two thousand dollars a year. All beyond this is superfluous. Being superfluous, it is productive of no good whatever. The richer the man, the greater is the probability that his sons will live on billiards and die in the inebriate asylum. With contentment and two thousand dollars a year a man may be as happy as a prince. Without contentment you will be miserable, even if your wealth equal the rent-rolls of Croesus.

BLUSHES.

GOETHE was in company with a mother and daughter, when the latter being reproved for something, blushed and burst into tears. He said to the mother:—"How beautiful your reproach has made your daughter. That crimson hue and those silvery tears become her much better than any ornament of gold or pearls; those may be hung on the neck of any woman; these are ever seen connected with moral purity.

A full-blown flower sprinkled with purest hue is not so beautiful as this child, blushing beneath her parent's displeasure, and shedding tears of sorrow for her fault. A blush is the sign which nature hangs out to show where chastity and honor dwell."

RESULT OF APPLICATION.

SEEK to acquire the power of continuous application, without which you can not expect success. If you do this, you will soon be able to perceive the distance which it creates between you and those who have not such habits. You will not count yourself, nor will they count you, as one of them. Thus you will find yourself emerging into the higher regions of intellectual and earnest men—men who are capable of making a place for themselves, instead of standing idly gaping, desiring a place without the power to command it. Keep on striving to accomplish more and more every day, and thus enlarge constantly the range of your intellectual ability. If you learn to do as much work in one day as you used to do in two or three days, you are as good as two or three such men as you formerly were, booted down to one.

A Star Love Story!

We will soon commence a new and highly exciting novelette from the pen of a great public favorite, viz:

THE SHADOWED HEART;

OR,

The Ill-Stared Marriage.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,
AUTHOR OF "ERON MASK," "SCARLET CRES-
CENT," "INJURED WIFE," ETC.

That the "course of true love never did run smooth" is strikingly exemplified in this well-told tale. In a well-devised plot, the writer has introduced characters and situations well calculated to excite and deeply interest. Baffled purposes; sacrificing to duty; loving in spite of impassable barriers, are leading elements in the rapidly changing chapters of this absorbing heart and life romance.

It is another of our series of brilliant Short Serials, which will be one of the *specialties* of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, and the MODEL PAPER OF AMERICA!

ART HAPPY?

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Lady, thou'rt clad in velvets,
And jewels bedeck thy brow;
Thin arms are bound with diamonds
While the grace of gold is shown.

The necklace is soft and luxuriant,
The hands are the purest blood,
And homage from hearts that are loyal,
Is shown in a generous flood.

Lady, art happy? Pray tell me;
There's care in thy brilliant eye—
Thy smile only plays on the surface
As lightning leaps over the sky;

The blush of thy cheek is strained,
The curve of thy voice is constrained,
And the shadow of griefing has gained.

Go on, lift thy head in thy beauty,
And toss up thy ringlets of jet—
There's a depth unfilled in thy bosom,
A grief thou canst never forget!

I pity thee, daughter of splendor,
With all thy jewels and gems!

I value my heart of contentment
More worth than the crown diadems!

City Life Sketches.

RED-CAP,

The Soldier Messenger.

BY AGILE PENNE.

"HERE, Red-Cap!" cried a tall, well-built gentleman, standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Hotel, one fine evening in the year 1869.

The man addressed as "Red-Cap," was sauntering slowly by the hotel. His garb of faded blue—his red cap, and the empty right sleeve of his coat told that he was a disabled soldier. One who had fought for Uncle Sam and had left his trusty right arm on some southern battle-field. And now, the soldier who had marched to the quickstep of the Union and sealed his loyalty with his blood, was reduced to earning a scanty subsistence as a "Soldier Messenger"—carrier of letters and parcels, eager to do any errand to gain him bread.

They say that Republics are ungrateful; that the Soldier Messenger Corps exist, proves the truth of the saying.

The soldier turned at the call, and advanced to the man on the steps.

In person, the soldier was a good-looking fellow, of perhaps, five and twenty; with a frank, honest face. The short, black hair—mustache of the same hue, and a certain independent carriage of the head—hard to describe, but once seen, not easily forgotten—told plainly that he was a New York boy.

"Will you carry a letter for me to Fifth avenue?" asked the gentleman on the steps, as the soldier came up to him.

"Yes, sir," replied the messenger, in a full, manly voice.

The stranger on the steps started as the tones of the soldier's voice fell upon his ear. Eagerly he looked into the other's face.

"Haven't I met you before?" he asked, quickly.

A moment the soldier looked at the face of the gentleman before replying; then he shook his head.

"I think not, sir," he said, "although your face does seem familiar to me."

"I am Major Whitton, of the Twenty-ninth."

The soldier touched his cap, respectfully, at the announcement of the other's rank.

SATURDAY JOURNAL.

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one in your hand, saying that you were tired of her and that she had better look for another lover. Her pride hurt, she accepted me. I stole your wife, and you saved my life. My life, since that time, has been a hell. Say you forgive me—pray for me—I'm a miserable, drunken beast. Oh! mercy—mercy!

And with this last despairing cry upon his lips, the guilty soul of Myrtle fled to answer to its Judge.

Agnes returning, found that her husband was far beyond earthly aid. She could not weep for his death was freedom to her. She had been the patient, uncomplaining slave of a drunken husband. But now the fetters were broken—she was free once more.

The major drew Ames to one side.

"Here are two fifty-dollar bills," he said, putting the greenbacks into the soldier-messenger's hand. "See to the burial of this man, and that this poor girl has a decent home. Ames, I'm going to lend you a five hundred dollars to start you in business. When you get rich, you can repay me; but, don't be in a hurry—take your time about it. For six years I've been looking for the man that saved my life, and now that I've found him, I'm going to show my gratitude if I can."

The open-hearted major would not take "no" for an answer, and at last Ames accepted the kind offer.

Within six months, Agnes became the wife of the one-armed soldier; the old love was still strong within her heart.

In a snug little shop on Sixth avenue, Ames does a thriving business, and few would recognize in the hairy-looking couple the woman who was dragged from beneath the horse's hoofs, or Red-Cap, the Soldier Messenger.

Myrtle Rapley, THE BOOKBINDER GIRL.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

The last rays of the fast-dying sun, shining in through a third-story window in a large brick building in Nassau street, New York, fell upon the head of a fair young girl, working at a bench near the window, and circled it with a halo of light like that of the old masters on the painted canvas gave as a crown of glory to their saintly pictures. And well worthy was Myrtle Rapley of the sunbeams that kissed her soft brown hair, and flicked it here and there with amber and gold.

The room in which she worked—for our heroine was a daughter of toil, and earned her bread by the sweat of her brow and the deft skill of her little brown hands—held many a pretty girl, for it was one of the largest bookbinderies in New York, but not one was there in the room to compare with pretty brown-eyed, brown-haired Myrtle.

Yet she was but a common working-girl, depending upon her daily toil for existence; board—clothing herself on a salary of seven dollars per week; and want appeared not either in her face or dress.

With her round, merry face, browned by nature's master hand, her sparkling eyes, little yet lithesome and graceful form, Myrtle was a general favorite, although she had worked but a single month in the shop.

The work-girls, whose keen eyes saw every thing, soon discovered that Myrtle had two lovers. The first was Edmund Osgood, the foreman of the shop, a sallow-faced, dark-haired man, with treacherous, shifting gray eyes. A man with a dissipated look, but a good workman, and intrusted by Mr. Renard, the owner of the binder, with full control over the work-shop. The second was Gilbert, son of Renard, and holding position in the binder next to Osgood.

Gilbert Renard was a good-looking young fellow, with a frank and open face, quite a contrast to his father, who was noted for his sternness and arbitrary manner of dealing with his employees. So, while all liked the son, few admired the father.

Young Renard and the foreman soon discovered that they were rivals; but as to which one was favored by Myrtle none in the shop could tell.

And now as the young girl worked cheerfully at her bench, with the last rays of the sun adorning her with a crown of glory, Osgood came carelessly up to her side.

For a moment he watched the nimble fingers deftly busying themselves with the goldleaf and the stamping-iron.

"You are improving rapidly," he said at length. "I shall have to speak to Mr. Renard about raising your wages."

"I shall be much obliged, sir," said the girl, without, however, raising her eyes from her work.

"Are you still boarding at the same place in East Broadway? the same address that you gave me when you first came here?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," she replied, wondering at the question.

"Do you like visitors?" he asked, suddenly.

Myrtle understood his meaning now.

"I do not have any, sir," she replied, still keeping her eyes intent upon her work.

"Wouldn't you like one—a friend to come and see you now and then? A friend that could help you a great deal, if he saw a reason so to do?" And then Osgood bent over the work-bench, apparently to examine the work, but in reality to catch the glance of Myrtle's brown eyes and read there the consent he hoped for. But the girl shyly evaded his gaze. She did not answer his question either. He repeated it in another form.

"Suppose a gentleman called to see you next Sunday, would you be pleased to receive him?"

"I do not desire visitors," said Myrtle, feeling that she must speak.

The brow of Osgood grew dark as the words fell upon his ear. He understood their meaning only too well. He was rejected. He, the foreman with a handsome salary, rejected by a poor working-girl. For a moment he was silent. Then from between his teeth came a few cold words.

"You may regret your decision," he said, then he passed on to another part of the room.

Myrtle felt that she had made an enemy of the man who, possibly, might use his influence to deprive her of the situation he now held; might take the bread from her mouth, because she would not listen to his love.

For the rest of the afternoon Myrtle's brow was clouded over.

The end of the day's toil came. Myrtle, putting on her hat and cloak, took her way homeward. Hardly had she gone six blocks when she discovered that she had lost her little pocket-book. Then she remembered,

that having occasion to open it, she had laid it down upon her work-bench. Possibly it was still there. If the binder was still open she would recover it at once, so she hurried back.

On ascending the stairs that led to the binder, she met Gilbert Renard coming down. The hands had all departed and he had just locked up the work-room.

To Gilbert Myrtle explained her loss.

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that having occasion to open it, she had laid it down upon her work-bench. Possibly it was still there. If the binder was still open she would recover it at once, so she hurried back.

Gilbert had guessed who had locked the door and carried the intelligence to his father; and Edmund Osgood understood that Gilbert's defiance was meant for him.

"You—my son—marry this girl—a beggar!" cried old Renard, in a rage.

"No, not a beggar!" exclaimed Myrtle, proudly facing the angry father, a little red spot burning in her cheeks, though tear-drops were in the soft brown eyes. "I work for my bread, but I am not a beggar. Your son asked me to love him—he sought me—not I him. I can be as proud in my poverty as you in your riches. Myrtle Rapley never yet begged from any one."

When Myrtle looked the old man full in the face, he started with surprise. And then again. "I am very sorry to give you the trouble of coming back."

"Oh, don't mention it," he said. "I'd take a great deal more trouble than that for your sake."

Then Gilbert, conscious that he had said more than he intended, stopped abruptly, while Myrtle blushed to her temples at his words.

"I am very much obliged," she said, gratefully, as they returned to the outer room.

"I am real sorry to give you the trouble of coming back."

"I think I know your family, young woman," he said, sternly. "Your father was named Jabez Rapley; he was a blacksmith in Litchfield, Connecticut."

"Yes, sir," Myrtle answered, in wonder.

"You need not wait, Mr. Osgood," said old Renard. "I am fully satisfied."

With a smile of malicious triumph upon his sallow face, Osgood went down-stairs.

"So, sir," said the father, after Osgood's departure, "I suppose you intend to marry this girl whether I consent or not?"

"Father, I hope you will consent," said Myrtle, evading the question.

"Indeed I observed the old man, dryly.

"And you, miss, I suppose if he insists upon marrying him, you will consent even if I object?"

"I suppose so, sir," answered Myrtle, timidly.

"If your mother had thought as you do, she would have been my child, instead of the daughter of Jabez Rapley, the blacksmith," said old Renard.

"Heavens!" cried Gilbert, in dismay.

"What's the matter?" cried Gilbert, in astonishment.

"The door is locked!" she repeated, in dismay.

"Why can that be?" he asked, hastening to her side; "I lost the key upon the outside."

"Some one then has followed us and turned it," and the tears came into Myrtle's eyes as she realized her perilous position.

"Heavens!" cried Gilbert, in dismay.

"Don't cry, Myrtle—dear Myrtle!" cried Gilbert, drawing her to his side, and stroking the brown hair tenderly. "I'll find some means to get out. Oh! this is terrible!"

"But you will hurt yourself," cried Myrtle, through her tears.

"Better break my legs than ruin your life forever," said Gilbert, earnestly. "If we are discovered here together, all the world will point the finger of shame at you, Myrtle. I must save your reputation, for I love you."

"Oh, Gilbert," said Myrtle, softly, and she did not offer resistance to the strong arms that drew her gently to the breast of her lover.

And so peace, love and happiness came to Myrtle Rapley.

She had pierced the defenseless spot in the armor of worldliness that John Renard wore.

The rope was tried and found to be twenty feet short.

"I can easily drop that," said Gilbert, cheerfully.

"But you will hurt yourself," cried Myrtle, through her tears.

"Better break my legs than ruin your life forever," said Gilbert, earnestly.

"If we are discovered here together, all the world will point the finger of shame at you, Myrtle!"

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Our Ballads.

[We propose to award a prize in our paper to original poesy, and it will be happy to receive from our friends contributions of this class. Some of the most charming poems in the language are ballads. We hope our contributors having a talent for this species of composition, will let us hear from them.]

CONSTABLE-SUB.

A constable-sub, of a neighboring town, Who was keen as a shark for wealth and renown, Devised a new project of making a raid, Such projects nefandus were most of his trade, Sometimes upon widows in penury dire, Sometimes upon criminals worthy his ire, Or some shiftless debtor who's wot to abscond And shun honest debts not pinned by his bond, Resorting like him to such menial ends, That his conscience elastic e'en Satan offends, For 'tis said that his highness of Erebus dark, Still treasures of honor a very faint spark, A trait that this constable-sub, ye will guess, Did not as a feature redeeming possess, Or having it, had, like a miser with pelf, A manner of keeping it strictly to self.

Some indigent Norskes, ignoring a law That shuns nature's spoon to a hungry maw, Thought once for a change they would vary their dish.

Or barley and milk to a mess of fresh fish, So suiting the need to the will of the heart, Thro' the snows of the winter, they hopefully start, Poor shivering imps, for a pitiful mite They angle and watch with a seeming delight, While the modest return of a half a score Was the end of their luck, and they fished for no more;

Yet grateful indeed for their scanty success,

Ere turning them thither they Providence bless, A practice quite common with this humble folk Who in all undertakings God's pleasure invoke. But scarce was the blessing for favor announced, Ere constable-sub like a tiger-cat pounced

On the victims unawares and hurried them thence, With a "trespass of law," as his only defense For seizing and bearing them off in his coils

Like a serpent, and sharing a half of the spots: A trick often practised, by which some have learned That many a peony's thus lawfully earned,

While that which is drawn through the screen of the law,

With them is correct, and they care not a straw For the principle strangled, or bartered, or sold, If but backed by the law, and rewarded by gold. Tho' we do not contend that a law should be broke, E'er the' it may prove to be caught but a yoke, Yet he who makes use of its faults to oppress

The simple and needy, is, nevertheless, As much of a villain as he who ignores

The source of protection and rushes through doors To the grief and dismay of the honest and those Who recognize right, and all error oppose;

While he who resorts to such ends to recruit His purse, is no better at heart than a brute,

Deserving the honest anathemas dire

Of all who contemn doing evil for hire.

Such wretches I hate, and I fear not their frown,

And 'tis true manhood's duty to level them down.

Down with them forever, and hence let them feel

The keenness and force of true justice's steel.

Let honor have advocates open and true,

And evil will vanish 'neath heaven's pure blue;

This cringing to demons is Truth's saddest shame,

A blight that must be effaced from her fame,

And the sooner 'tis done, so the sooner she shall

On her brow wear in triumph a bright coronal.

JOSEPH PLACETTE.

The Ebon Mask

on,

THE MYSTERIOUS GUARDIAN.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

AUTHOR OF THE "SCARLET CRESCEY," "INJURED WIFE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SHADOW OF COMING EVENTS.

WHEN Julian St. John was rudely flung upon the floor of his prison, it would be almost impossible to describe his feelings. The cold, damp, filthy floor; the cruel chain about his limbs impeding the circulation, and rendering him faint and exhausted; the low ceiling, under which he could barely stand erect—these were grievances, but minor ones; greater sorrows than personal discomforts absorbed all thoughts or care for self.

Helene! Was she safe, and would Pepe keep his promise to guard her vigilantly?

Thoughts of her filled his soul with intense anguish, and when he remembered Zarate's taunting words, the impetuous fire leaped to his eye and the indignant blood to his face.

"Villain, rascal, traitor! but if I ever get clear of this foul hole, the life of that miscreant will pay for it!"

But he grew calmer and more reasonable as day after day passed on. Helene had presented her petition to the cruel commandant, only to be insulted; Helene, the queen of Julian's affections, had been rudely caught and thrust into a dreary dungeon, and had passed tedious hours under the same roof that sheltered his head, and not twenty yards from his cell-door. And of all this the hunter was in profound ignorance; better it was so, perhaps.

It was the morning after Helene's escape that Julian stood by the narrow aperture, that served, in a style peculiar to itself, the double purpose of ventilator and window. The cool beauty of the day had no charm for him, and he gazed listlessly forth, scarce seeing, certainly not noticing, the clear blue of the clouds, or the gleaming foliage in its emerald freshness.

Suddenly a low whistle fell upon his ears. He started and listened. "Again it came, low, very low, scarce more than a whispered echo. It sounded familiar, and a vague hope thrilled his heart as he allowed himself to think it might be a signal for him. Once more it came, and urged by a strong impulse, he answered.

All was quiet for some time, when suddenly a tiny stick struck against the iron bars and fell just outside them. Quickly as he could free his chained feet, he reached and took it in. Around the twig was twined a slip of paper, and upon it was written, in a chirography he knew was Pinto's:

"My brother, help is at hand. Be at the window to-night, just after dusk."

That was all it said, but it was enough, and patiently he awaited the appointed hour. Slowly sunk the sun, and then followed the lovely twilight, that delightful hour so fitting for repose and quiet, when it seems as though through the realms of space angels had passed, leaving behind an impress of their presence; that hour when the day seems reluctant to resign its scepter to night, yet lingeringly obeys.

The darker shades gathered, and, watchful and expectant, Julian stood at the window.

A low whisper startled him.

"Julian."

"Here, Pepe, waiting for you."

"Hold up your hands, and take this."

A knife gleamed before his eyes.

"My hands are chained, and I can not."

A silence followed this reply.

"If I could get your fetters off your arms

you would be all right. Think, Julian;

can you not devise some plan?"

"Can't you slip it between the bars?"

"No; the hilt is much too thick. I will fix it; wait a second."

Probably half an hour elapsed ere Pepe returned with the blade.

"I saw the guard, so I was delayed longer than I expected. Now, your arms; reach them up, can't you?"

He could not, and Pepe threw the knife through. For a while he tried to snap his chain, but was unsuccessful.

"Here, Pepe, I will step on this roll of matting and straw; there, you can reach my wrists."

He bent his head to avoid collision with the ceiling, and laid his hands against the bars.

Without a word, Pepe applied the keen-tempered saw, and in moment Julian's arms were free.

"Now, your feet," commanded Pepe.

The chain that held them was, after considerable trouble, divided; and he could walk once more.

"The time to escape is not yet; you must use that knife whenever you have an opportunity. The walls here are nothing but wood and hardened clay, which will not long resist your knife. The next night but one from this I will come with horses, and you can fly. The guard is coming again, and I must hurry off."

Pepe was gone ere Julian could reply; he turned to his dismal cell again, and adjusted his chains about his limbs to give any chance visitors the appearance of being bound firmly, yet allowing himself free motion.

Cautiously he began his task; patiently he tried various places in the wall, endeavoring to select the best. At last, about a yard from the window he concluded to begin his missing operations, listening to see if he could detect any sound, he went to work with no feeble arm. For a long time he confined his task, until heated and tired, he carefully removed all traces of his work, hid the knife, and sat down to recover from his fatigue.

"This being bound so long, and so tightly, too, makes me weaker than I would have thought," he murmured to himself, as he carefully arranged the fetters upon his legs and arms.

Left once more to his thoughts, they quickly reverted to Helene, who, even at that moment, was eagerly, anxiously awaiting the midnight hour when she would be freed from the prison walls.

The night slowly passed, and the morning dawned; dawned upon Julian in his lonely cell; upon the commandant sleeping as Leota had left him; and upon the inmates of a lodge built in the most quiet recesses of the cypress grove. Gathered around a humble board, upon which was spread the frugal morning repast, were Señora Valencie, Helene, and the mysterious creature, Leota. Near the door stood Pepe Pinto.

"And to-night, Pepe, did you say he would come?"

"Perhaps to-night, signiorina; may be not until to-morrow. I shall, if possible, visit the window again when dusk comes, and if all is ready, I don't see why this midnight will not do as well as to-morrow's."

"Do bring him as soon as you can; and bring him here, Pepe, to Leota's hut; may he not?" asked Helene, turning to the lady.

"Most certainly I shall expect him; and then we can fly to a more secure retreat if necessary."

"It grieves me so, dear lady, that you should risk your personal safety for me," returned the maiden, looking sorrowfully at Leota.

"Say not so, my child; do you not remember the words I told you that night in your prison-cell? Remember them, but allow me to pursue my own course."

"Always and ever will I gladly and willingly obey you. And so long as I live will you be gratefully and lovingly remembered."

The impulsive, enthusiastic girl caught the hands of her deliverer in her own.

"There, there, child, you are foolish; but Helene saw a happy, fond light scintillate from the veiled eyes.

"Finish your breakfast, daughter, do I interrupted her mother.

"I am done, thank you, mamma. But I want to ask you a question which I had almost forgotten. I want to know where Niña is? do you know? Poor creature, I saw her last just as they—they took me."

Helene's eyes gleamed in excited remembrance. Her mother exchanged glances

with Leota, and seeking to pacify her daughter, replied, carelessly:

"Somewhere in the woods, I suppose. I have not seen her since she told me of your seizure."

"Then it was she who conveyed the news? I might have guessed it. And did you leave the cottage immediately to come here?"

"The same night, daughter. Niña directed me to this spot, and here I found your generous deliverer, who insisted upon my remaining with her while she brought you to me."

"And the villagers; what do they say of our sudden flitting?"

"I know not, but I suppose nothing. They would very naturally suppose we had gone on a visit to our friends; no one except those interested know of your troubles."

While this side-play was being enacted in the cottage in the cypress grove, another of entirely different character was transacting not far distant.

Zarate and De Leon were the chief actors.

"And so your wooing speeds right auspiciously, colonel?" remarked his brother officer, with the almost indifferent air so peculiar to him.

"Auspicious, indeed, comrade; gentle, quiet and subdued! Ha! ha! I know how to bring her down a peg or so."

He rubbed his hands in glee.

"Gentle and quiet, you said, friend?"

"Remarkably; why, man, I wish you could have witnessed our interview yesterday—"

"So you had the impudence to visit her in her cell, eh? Ah, Zarate, I fear you are a bad fellow."

The colonel smiled, and complacently stroked his mustache, as though he enjoyed the compliment.

"You must not be hard on a fellow, mon amigo. Just as if it were possible to remain from such a dainty little piece of dimity. But, confidentially, De Leon, I was a little surprised at her demeanor, and my reception; so much so that I positively forgot my errand. However, I promised to see her again this afternoon, and then I'll lay an *onza* she is willing enough."

His companion puffed away at his cigar.

"Changed her tactics to throw you off your guard. Depend upon it, colonel, that the Signorina Helene is no less cunning than daring. She only assumes—"

"But the secrets of that box: could she, fiend though I believe her, thus secure the key to a prisoner's cell? And the guard—how pass the guard?"

This train of thought suddenly aroused him.

"Sergeant, who was on duty last night when the woman made her escape?"

"Private José Escobedo, sir," and he pointed to a man at his side, who cringing saluted.

"Well, and what report have you to make?" sternly asked the colonel.

In a plain, straightforward manner, José related the events just as they transpired, so far as his knowledge went, which, of course, was limited, as after the door had closed on the Ebon Mask, all further consciousness on his part ceased, for he had not been slow in partaking of the rum.

"A likely story. Had you not better confess your complicity in this affair and admit you were bribed?"

"So help me God, I have told the honest truth," ejaculated the man, in abject terror.

"Bah! Sergeant, take him away and confine him in a secure place, and fasten a fifty-pound ball and chain to his feet, and allow only half an allowance of prisoner's rations. My honest José, we will comfort you with a court-martial one of these days."

The two left the room.

"Sergeant, come back when you have obeyed my orders; meantime, dispatch the boy Luez for Ricovi, for I desire him immediately."

Twenty minutes later, and the rogue stood before him.

"You are sure you understand my directions, and will execute them correctly and speedily."

"Yes, sure. Want me and my man, Lope, to find where pris'ner 'scaped to; then come back, git more men, and go fot' 'er, eh?"

"That is just it. Now be off, and hasten."

At that moment the sergeant returned.

"Well," demanded the imperious colonel.

"You desired me to return, sir."

"Yes. Remove the lock from the other prisoner's cell, and bring it to me. See that there are massive iron bars put up, one in the center, and one at each end. Be careful, and assure yourself they are as strong as iron will make them. Also detail two of your trustiest men to stand guard until midnight."

Once more alone, Zarate's thoughts were none of the pleasantest, and the heavy scowl on his brow was blacker than ever.

"Vexation! every thing unpleasant seems to pour upon me now, just as good-fortune favored me so lately. Not twenty-four hours ago, I was gloating over the possession of the bird; now I can console myself with the empty cage. Then I called De Leon my friend, now he is my bitterest enemy. Fool, fool that I was, to alienate him, for he spoke truth when he affirmed that our ranks were equal; and had he said his influence with the ministry exceeded mine, commandanté though I am, 'would have been strictly true. But now, now I fear I must dearly pay for my rashness. However, De Leon shall never know it, even though I am recalled and cashiered—and he has influence to do even that!"

"Was that 'Covey's' fault? Could he git her when she no come, eh?"

SATURDAY JOURNAL.

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Hand, Not Heart: or, THE DOUBLE BETROTHAL.

BY LENNOX WYLLER.

CHAPTER XXX.

A NIGHT-SCENE ON THE PLAIN.

During the afternoon he had heard mysterious noises, grating, pounding and filing, and had wondered what it meant. Little knew he it was intended the more securely to hold him; and that the extra sentinel on duty was for his particular benefit. But it availed little to either him or the colonel.

Suddenly a dark form appeared on the edge of the woods, which lay about a hundred yards from his window. Creeping stealthily along in its protecting shade, it gradually approached nearer and nearer the long, low step on which paced the sleepy guard. A moment after, and it was crouching under the shade of the spreading shrub.

"Now, if the moon would only hide at the same time that guard is turned, I could clear that open space in half a second. As it is, I must wait. Poor Julian must be tired of watching. I wonder if he has the hot dog out enough, although, of course, he wouldn't dare break the outside wall until after dark to night."

At that instant fortune, or rather Providence, favored the waiting deliverer. The guard was half-way down his beat, and just then a heavy, lowering cloud passed darkly over the moon's disk.

With a skillful leap Pepe alighted near the window at which Julian awaited him in burning, unrestrainable impatience; for since he had heard the vile plotters arrange their plan, the minutes had seemed years.

"Julian," was whispered from outside.

"Here, Pepe. For God's sake, let us hurry."

"Climb up and stand on the matting again."

As he stepped up, a light clanking noise was heard in his feet.

"Your letters, Julian—you have forgotten to remove them."

"Hist! No; perhaps we may find use for them."

"What! Do you apprehend immediate discovery and re-arrest?" inquired Pepe anxiously.

"No, no. I will tell you when I am out. Your hand, Pepe—there; hold fast. I am nearly through."

In a second he emerged through the narrow aperture, scratched and bleeding, the small splinters of wood and flakes of crusted dirt adhering to his clothing. He paused a single second, drawing in long, deep respirations of fresh air.

"Thanks to our kind Father, Pepe, that I can embrace you again."

A hurried but earnest clasp of the hand followed.

"Where are the horses? We have not a moment to spare. If you only knew the agony of suspense."

"Agony! Julian, when you are free, and she—"

"Hist, the sentinel is near. Crouch lower, there, a moment, and when he turns we will glide across the open lot to the pine tree, yonder."

"The horses are near there."

They watched their time, and in a second were safely mounted on the waiting animals. Cautiously they rode along, keeping in the dense shade of the roadside bushes, until they had left the scene of their escape nearly a mile behind them. Meantime their tongues had not been silent.

Suddenly Julian said:

"Where do you intend taking me? To the ruins?"

"Indeed, no; but to Helene and her mother, who await you in the cypress grove."

"Oh, Helene! Heaven guard her till we reach her. Pinto, her life depends on our exertions to-night!"

"What do you say?" inquired the astonished companion.

"I repeat, if we wish to save Helene from a fate worse than death, we will not spare our horses." And he hurriedly related the story.

"My God, and can it be? So soon on her track, when 'twas but three days since—"

Pepe suddenly paused, almost forgetting that Julian knew naught of his lady's imprisonment.

"Since what?" demanded he.

"You will swear eternal revenge on him, Julian; but listen, and I will tell it all."

Terribly calm and unnaturally composed, he heard the story; not a word escaped his lips, but even in the dark night gleamed the light in that eye.

"And now, lest she fall again into his hands, we will to the rescue, and Heaven grant we may not be too late."

With difficulty suppressing a wild yell of defiance and challenge, the hunter sprung forward, followed by his trusty friend.

(Concluded next week.)

Captain Mayne Reid!

We have the pleasure of announcing that we have arranged for a series of exciting stories of the camp and border from the pen of the versatile and ever popular Capt. Mayne Reid, under the title of

CAMP-FIRE YARNS,

the first of which appears in this issue. In these "Yarns" the reader will find many a story of border, trapping and Indian life which once read will not be forgotten. We also have in hand and will soon commence

A Wild Tale of the West,
by one of the great authors of the day, who, writing under a nom de plume, will give us some of the best things of his enchanting pen. Look out for it!

tableaux—gratia—as a sort of advertisement to any future shows to be held and exhibited when the hall in the village could be suitably arranged.

They found Mr. Arlington haggard and careworn. But, without hesitating a moment, he gave his consent gruffly. The showman thanked him, placed in his hands a number of cards of invitation, for any friends he might choose to have come, and then left.

Then the week slowly passed.

Agnes Arlington, pale, almost broken-hearted, sat hour after hour, awaiting the time when she was to stand up and plight her troth to Delaney Howe. And the terrible day was fast approaching! She had been informed by Delaney that the marriage, for reasons of his own, would take place at his mother's. And the poor girl had consented.

St. Clair Arlington did not go again to the fatal spot on the plain. No opportunity had presented, and he had been engaged every evening. But, he had by no means abandoned the project. That would have been

strength in that hand! "Ha! ha! Thank God! it can still pull a trigger, and it shall pull a trigger! I can not hesitate now! I must follow the star that guides me! Will it give me peace of mind—rest of conscience? I'll not think of it—I'll banish it away forever! The night is dark and propitious; the young moon has long since gone down, and I can not put it off longer! I'll go!"

So saying he paused. Then, stepping softly to the rear of the library, he took up a field-compas, lifted it gently, and brought it near the light. Placing it carefully down, he allowed the sensitive needle to oscillate for a moment, as it settled down to its point of attraction.

Then Mr. Arlington took from his pocket his large memorandum-book, and drawing from it a piece of faded, yellow-stained paper, he spread it out and glanced over it.

The paper was covered with dottings of courses, and marked here and there with the points of the compass. Consulting the needle, which now stood motionless, he made out the courses as marked on the piece of paper.

All at once he started and a deadly pallor came to his cheek. He half-reared back and caught at a chair. He rallied slowly.

"My God! is there any fatality in this? That spot is where the Shadow appears! But, what care I!" he suddenly exclaimed, straightening up and standing erect. "What care I for a thousand Shadows provided I can lay hands on the gold! and, as long as I possess that magic scrap of paper—the *Will!* By heavens! with these at my disposal, I can defy the world. And now, both are in my grasp; the gold is mine, and the paper—the precious scrap—in this memorandum-book!"

As he spoke he opened the leaves of the little book referred to, and looked through it. His search became eager. Every leaf he turned; into every pocket he drove his trembling fingers, but in vain: the scrap was not there!

Arlington's face grew as white as a grave-stone. His limbs shook beneath him, and he reclined backward and sunk into a chair.

"Gone! gone!" he muttered. "Gone like the book, and yet I placed it there myself! Are there really spirits in this old mansion? Are there—phew! I am getting cowardly! Nay! I'll not be thwarted now! Nothing can turn me away; nothing can now injure me, for I have gold—bright shining gold—in abundance! I must go!"

He arose, replaced the compass, and then, throwing on a heavy overcoat, he lowered the light. In a moment he emerged from the rear-door of the library, gently closed it behind him, and strode away over the dreary, desolate waste-land.

On his shoulder he carried a pick, a heavy hoe and a shovel.

He paused not until he reached an old, decayed poplar, standing alone and dreary in the wide common. Here he stopped for a moment, and then glanced around him.

Suddenly, however, he strode away, going nearly at right-angles to the course he first pursued. On and on! Then his steps grew slower and slower. Then they stopped still, as suddenly looking up, he saw distinctly, not thirty yards away, two motionless figures standing on the very spot to which he was hastening—the spot on which the wonderful Shadow had always made its appearance.

They stood perfectly quiet, and to the rear of them, faintly in the background, was the dim shape of a wagon.

Silently for a moment St. Clair Arlington gazed at the singular sight, and then, as a strange feeling of awe crept over him, he turned with a deep, suppressed anathema on his lip, and shrunk away in the gloom.

When he had gone, the two motionless figures set to work, with picks and spades. The ground was frozen hard. The work was laborious; but they kept on, without scarcely stopping to breathe.

At length one of them, as he drove his pick down, said, suddenly:

"We have found it, young man! Run and bring the old carpet, and be not afraid to touch it!"

The other went to the wagon, and returned at once, bringing with him the large roll of carpet.

He looked on, as the other gently threw aside the frozen clods.

Then a ghastly sight was revealed. The other—he who had brought the carpet—turned fainting away. But, at a sign from the old man he rallied, and, leaning down, gave his assistance to the work.

The ghastly object, rattling and stiff, was rolled gently in the carpet, and, between the two, was carried to the wagon and deposited in it.

Then the two men returned again, and once more fell to work. They had dug down about three feet deeper when they struck something hard. The elder man paused, and muttered:

"'Tis safe! We'll remove it, and be off!"

In a few moments they had unearthed a large iron-bound chest, covered with clay and mold. After a considerable effort, they succeeded in dragging it from the hole to the surface, and, after resting for a moment, they hauled it to the wagon, and lifted it in.

"These are the contributions I make to the tableaux, Clavis Warne!" said the old man, in a low, exultant breath. "And now we'll go!"

In a moment more they had entered the wagon, and were driving rapidly toward Läbberton.

The next day the showman, accompanied by his landlord, went over to the Arlington mansion, to ask of the owner the privilege of showing his magic-lantern views and

tableaux—gratia—as a sort of advertisement to any future shows to be held and exhibited when the hall in the village could be suitably arranged.

In twenty minutes St. Clair Arlington paused and peered ahead of him. He was near the spot which was his destination.

He did not hesitate long; but, as if summing up a needful courage, he strode on again. In a few minutes he paused again, and then he started back wildly.

"My God!" he exclaimed. "What is this?" and, with starting eyes, he gazed down into the deep hole at his feet.

For several minutes he gazed, with terror-stricken face, at the empty excavation.

"Cheated! Cheated!" he moaned, "and all is lost! I must be gone! I must fly!

When this mummery is over I'll go! Oh! God! This is too bad! All hope has gone!"

With that he staggered back over the plain toward the brilliantly-lit mansion.

When he reached the house his face was white and his step faltering. The guests all had assembled, and, as Mr. Arlington stepped into the entry he saw Delaney Howe disappear in the large dining-room, wherein the entertainment was to take place.

Then, pausing a moment to compose himself, St. Clair Arlington opened the door and went in himself.

The room was filled in every available portion, and glancing around him the host, saw many strange faces; he was certain he had not invited them. But there was no time for comment; for, as soon as he had made his appearance, the showman stepped promptly forward and announced that the entertainment would commence at once.

Then the lights were extinguished here and there, leaving only a few burning, thus throwing the auditorium, so to speak, into an almost complete darkness.

The day rolled around—the eventful day; and then Delaney Howe came and escorted the impish Agnes to his mother's.

St. Clair Arlington did not go. Only Fanny went with her poor, heart-broken mistress.

At the close of this day the showman's wagon drove up. He was accompanied by a strange-looking old man, in Turkish costume. They lifted from the wagon a long case and a short box, both covered with green baize.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A MARRIAGE SCENE AND A TABLEAU.

The night had gloomed down black and threatening upon the earth—the night of the 14th of December—the anniversary of old John Arlington's disappearance—the wedding eve of Agnes Arlington to a man she hated—this the night when a select company had been invited by St. Clair Arlington to witness tableaux and magic-lantern views at the old mansion.

A bright light flashed from the single window of the widow Howe's humble home—a light brighter than that which usually shone there. Something unusual was going on.

Standing in the center of the little room, book in hand, was a solemn-faced, benevolent-looking man. He had just opened the book, and his kindly eyes were now resting on the two persons who stood before him.

Those two persons were Agnes Arlington and Delaney Howe—the former clad in sober black as always, her face care-worn, pain-stricken, almost expressionless as it was emotionless. The latter was clad from "tip to toe" in a shining, glossy suit of black, and his face wore a glad, triumphant glow.

Neat the couple and on either hand stood the widow, in new, scrupulously neat attire, and Dora, dressed in spotless white, a sad, piteous half-wild expression on her marble face.

After the usual responses and the consequent declaration, and benediction by the minister, the marriage was over. Delaney Howe and Agnes Arlington were man and wife! Then the minister, after speaking his congratulations in a low, indistinct voice, as if he was not in earnest, left, and then the family was alone.

When the minister had gone it was noticed that Dora Howe had suddenly disappeared. No one had seen her go. But this was nothing unusual with her, and special attention was not paid to the fact.

Seated in a chair by the log fire, Agnes leaned her head on her hand, and prayed to God that she might die. The old mother sat by her side, and spoke gentle words in her ear; but, they were not heeded by the pale-faced woman, who had buried her heart and her peace of mind away.

Delaney Howe had scarcely spoken since the farcical ceremony was over. But, now, as he stood by the chimney-piece, gazing into the coals, he suddenly started, and glanced at the old Dutch clock in the corner of the room.

"I have an invitation to attend the tableaux entertainment to-night at the mansion," he said. "Will you go, Agnes?" and he looked down at her.

The girl recoiled from the man, and shuddered at his invitation. But she recovered herself, and said:

"No, Delaney! I am tired, and, with your permission, I'll remain here."

"All right, of course. Don't go, if you're inclined. But, I must go, for Sainty—that's your uncle, Agnes—will expect me, and I can't disappoint him. Expect me back soon."

With this, he drew on his overcoat, and taking his hat, left the house without another word. As he stepped out in the darkness, and then strode away on the plain, he paused and muttered:

"I forgot! This is the night of that infernal Shadow! But, 'tis only eight o'clock, and I am armed. But, I care not for Shadows now! Agreed is mine, and why, next week, I'll just look into that will business?"

Early that evening Mr. Arlington strode up and down his library. One or two of the invited ones had arrived, and had been shown into the large dining-room of the mansion, wherein the "show" was to be given. The apartment was already lit by many lights. Stretched across the rear end was a long green curtain. Behind that screen the showman and his assistant in Turkish costume were still busily engaged at work, getting ready.

The guests began to come in more frequently. The old mansion glowed from top to bottom, and liveried servants met the company as it continued to arrive.

St. Clair Arlington heard the rattling of carriage-wheels, the slamming of doors, and the voices of the guests.

He paused suddenly in his promenade.

"I must go! go now!" he muttered. "Something impels me, and I will have time before that mummery begins! Foot that I was, but 'tis too late now! And I'll go!"

He quickly lowered the light and

